

The lamentable Ditty of the little Mousgrove, and the Lady Barnet.

To an excellent new tune,



As it fell out on a Holy-day,
as many more do in the year,
Little Mousgrove would to Church pray
to see the faire Ladies there.
Gallants there were of good degree,
for beauty exceeding fair,
Best wondrous lovely to the eye,
that did to the Church repair.
Some came down in red velvet,
and others came down in pall,
The next came down my Lady Barnet
the fairest amongst them all.
She cast a look on little Mousgrove
as bright as the Summers Sun,
Full well then percev'd little Mousgrove
Lady Barnets love he had won.
The Lady Barnet so soft and mild,
saluted this little Mousgrove,
Who did repay her kind courtesie
with labour and gentle love.
I have a Bower in merry Barnet
bestroved with Cowslips sweet,
If that it please you little Mousgrove
in love me there to meet.
Within my arms one night to sleep
for you my heart have won,
You need not fear my suspicious Lord,
for he from home is gone.
Betide my life be to my death,
this night I will lye with thee,
And for thy sake I leaze my breath,
so dear is my love to thee,

What shall we do with our little lost page
our counsell for to keep,
And watch for se. r Lord Barnet come,
while we together do sleep,
Red gold shall be his hire quoth he
and silver shall be his fee,
So be our counsell sayd keep
that I may sleep with thee.
I will have none of your gold he said
nor none of your silver fee,
If I should keep your counsell ge
twere great disloyalty.
I will not be fall unto my Lord
for house nor yet for land,
but if my Lady prove untrue,
Lord Barnet shall understand,
Then swiftly ran the little lost page,
unto his Lord with speed,
Who then was feasting with his own friends
not dreaming of this ill deed,
Most secretly the page did haie
most swiftly did he run,
And when he came to the broken bridge
he bent his breast and swom.
The page did make no stay at all
but went to his Lord with speed,
That he the truth might say to him
concerning this wicked deed.
He found his Lord at supper then
great merriment there they did keep,
By Lord quoth he this night on my words,
Mousgrove with your Lady both sleep

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What shall we do with our little foot page
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And watch for se. r Lord Barnet come,
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Red gold shall be his hire quoth he
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My Lord quoth he this night on my words
Mousgrove with your Lady doth sleep



If this be true my little fat page
 and true that thou tellest to me,
 My eldest daughter I'll give thee
 and wedded thou shalt be.
 If this be a lye my little fat page
 and a lye that thou tellest to me,
 A new pair of Gallows shall be set up
 and hanged thou shalt be.
 If thou be a lye my Lord said he
 and a lye that thou hearest from me,
 Then never shall a Gallows to make,
 but hang me upon the next tree.
 Lord Barnet then cal'd up his merry men
 away with speed he would go.
 His heart was soze perplext with grief,
 the truth of this he must know.
 Saddle your horses with speed he said
 and saddle me my white steed.
 If this be true as the page hath said
 Mousgrove shall I repent this day.
 He charged his men no noise to make
 as they rode along on the way,
 For woe no horn quoth he on you like
 least our coming it should betray.
 But one of them that Mousgrove did love
 and respected his friendship most dear
 To give him notice Lord Barnet was come,
 did wind the bogle most clear.
 And ever more as he did sound,
 away Mousgrove and away,
 For if he take thee with my Lady
 then slain thou shalt be this day.
 O dark fair Lady your Lord is near,
 I hear his little horn blow,
 And if he find me in your arms thus,
 then slain I shall be I know.

O lye still lye still little Mousgrove
 and keep my back from the cold,
 I know it is my fathers shepherds
 driving sheep unto the pinfold.
 Mousgrove did turn him round about
 sweet slumber his eyes did greet,
 When he did awake he then did spy
 Lord Barnet at the beds feet.
 O rise up rise up little Mousgrove
 and put thy cloathing on,
 It never shall be said in fair England
 that I slew a naked man.
 Heres two good swordes Lord Barnet said
 the choyce Mousgrove shall make,
 The best of them thy self shalt have
 and I the worst will have.
 The first good blow Mousgrove did strike
 he wounded Lord Barnet sore,
 The second blow that Lord Barnet gave
 Mousgrove could strike no more.
 He took his Lady by the white hand,
 all love to rage did convert
 And with his sword in most furious tosse,
 he pierc'd her tender heart.
 A grave a grave Lord Barnet cry'd
 prepare to lay us in.
 My Lady shall lye on the upper side,
 cause she is the better kin.
 Then suddenly he slew himself
 which grieved his friends full sore
 The death of these thyres worthy wights
 with tears they did deplore
 This sad mischief by lust was wrought,
 then let us call for grace,
 That we may shun that wicked vice,
 and shun that sin apace.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere and W. Gilbertson,